

# LOCALS LICK LEADERS; MAROONS LOSE AT TEMPE

## IN FIELDING, HITTING, PITCHING GAME, PHOENIX BRINGS HIGHLANDERS LOW

Busted Mitt Bill Gets Proper Support After Seven Loose Innings, and Beats Darling, Mesa's Superb Southpaw at His Own Game; Clow Again Hits Over Fence and Robinson Saves Game With Sensational One Hand Running Catch.

### PHOENIX FANS AT LAST GET BUG AND ROOT RIGHT FOR TEAM

Best Game of Season Draws Mighty Throng to See Mesa's Lead Cut Down in Fast Contest; "Pop" Cook, New Backstop, Material Aid in His End of Phoenix's Efficient Battery, and Mesaites Swing Their Clubs in Vain.

Gold! Gold! Again! And for the third time, Gold!

The Busted Mitt Bill Barnegrove, to the Cactus Candy Kid, Harry Robinson and to old Home Run Clow belongs the honor and the glory of slicing Mesa's winning streak, and beating the league leading Highlanders in the most completely sensation strewed game of baseball played on the new diamond in all its brief history. It was an easy defeat turned into a magnificent victory by means of a bit of timely hitting coupled closely to a sensational one hand put out and the score was: Phoenix 5, Mesa 3.

Beside the three whose names head this chronicle, there were several others who earned part of the victory. They are the best: Capt. Ritchie, in your service; "Pop" Cook, the new backstop, whose heavy work helped out Busted Mitt Bill to keep the ash-loving Mesaites breathing the air, and the best rooting set of Phoenix fans that ever went to a ball game. When Phoenix's line had been outworn, the eighth and there were men on bases with heavy hitters coming up, the stands rose and voiced a far from silent prayer—a supplication that was answered from on high with one clean double and one home run scoring four men in all and changing the three to one defeat into a five to three victory.

Bill Barnegrove pitched a game worthy to be called by his illustrious name. His support took seven long innings in which to settle down, and then he turned around and sent the Mesaites hunting their gloves, cussing that set of slow, straight crooked, bendy, twisty shoots and whizzers that made them face. Bill was touched for seven hits in the nine innings, but three of the were awful scratchy. On the other hand, Phoenix had on batting clothes from the hide out, and he sailed into the old southpaw "Ducky" Darling and tapped him when tapping meant runs. Still, Darling pitched a superb game. Twice he had the bases full, once with none out, and he made the batters sick with the stuff he served them.

There were just three things to talk

### "JOE BOWLEG" HAS A LAUGHING FACE



Joe Boehling.

Joe Boehling, the latest idol of the fans, has a laughing face that is good to look at. He has recently broken the record by winning eleven straight games. He is popularly known as "Joe Bowleg," and is one of the youngest pitchers in the big leagues, being just twenty. In 1911 he was obtained from Richmond, Va., and after a tryout was rented to the Southern league.

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about in yesterday's game: Clow's home run, Robinson's mighty one-hand running catch and Ritchie's timely double. In order, the captain's stunt comes first. It was the last of the eighth, when the Cactus Candy Kid singled prettily after the fashion of men who know how. Franz of the bust rib and the long jaw selected Mullins for a victim, hit a beauty right between center and right field, so that when Pomeroy almost had the ball, Mul had been touched and had fallen. He was coming like a house afire, and his hair blew back from his manly brow. Pomeroy already had the sphere when Mul slammed into him all same pile driver. Bing! The little white thing rolled on the ground. Franz danced safe if carefully on first and Harry d'Rob had cleared the keystone sack on the run, landing safe on third ahead of Ritchie's late recovered throw. Fergie did the dramatic stunt of fanning. Now is Ritchie's turn. Had he selected this hit from stock, and ordered it delivered at the house by special messenger, it could not have been more so. In fact that was a historic hit, for it placed the heart in Phoenix to whip the top notchers, and saved a clean two hundred and fifty points from their per centage. As this story once said before it started in to ramble, the hit was the thing. It traveled comfortably close to the feet of the racing left fielder, and by the time that amiable gentleman had arrived where he should get his large mitt on it, both Robinson and Franz—or Clow, it should be, for that speedy base runner was in the crippled kid's place—had made good their promised voyage homeward, and the long healthy throw plumped into Joe Wagon Pringle's glove a second too late. Meantime Ritchie had been and gone and went to second.

Come to think of it, it was a grand good thing that Clow arrived when he did, for he was the next man up. Said the Mesa fans, their hearts jumping strangely, "This is an uncouth lad. He's fanned once and fanned out two times this here game, so we should worry!" And worry they did, for the Home Run Clow did it. Had he struck out there had been less excitement. But he didn't. Two perfectly good swings did he waste on Darling's teasers, one ball had he—and the next one kissed the bat a fond good bye and went way out east to coax Jones right up to the fence, where he vainly wiggled his gloved hand at its swift descending streak. Naturally, Clow followed Ritchie home, and after having touched the rubber went before the people for a unanimous reelection to the position of Home Run idol of the frenzied Mesaites. The voters in the form of silver dollars rained through the netting, and when Clow had done picking up his reward, he had eaten money for more than a week.

But the epic does not conclude with this verse. It goes on in grand inspiring periods for another inning. Mesa made vain attempts to climb the board in the ninth, and came within a tiniest hair's breadth of doing it. On Ferguson's error, Core was safe with none down. Bond obligingly fanned, though he didn't in the least intend so to do. Goodman fished up a foul—foul and fish, you know—and Cookie of the fastest playing expunged him from the record with a beautiful catch right in front of the grand stand. Pringle, the old cuss, hit safe to right field, and there were two on with Darling, the heaviest hitting pitcher in the league coming up. For a long time the air was full of subdued lightning. One, two, three, four, five times Barnegrove swung back his old salary member and delivered the ball, and on the fifth, Darling got a beauty of a hit right between center and left. That is, it would have been a hit with anybody but Harry Robinson in the sun garden. The Cactus Candy Kid ran clear to center, beating the fast Clow by ten feet, owing to his playing closer—reached a desperate glove and as he tripped and went heels over head, the stands could see the little white spot in the center of his left hand—the spot that was the ball and the ball game.

#### Document 1

Williams reached first on an error by Franz who seemed frightfully slow. It developed afterwards that Franz has a fractured stat and that is some sore, wherefore he deserves credit for staying the game. Mullin up filed out to Clow in center, and Pomeroy was safe on a

### THE STANDING OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE.



hunt, Williams going to third like a rabbit. Pomeroy started to pitter second and Cook tore loose with a bum throw on which Williams crossed the pan with the first journey. Jones hit the circumambient and retired, and Clow flew out to Warren close to the right field line, the kid bringing down the fly after a hard run. Pomeroy was marooned on third. One run.

For Phoenix matters didn't open any at all, at all. Little Harry Robinson couldn't locate the sphere. Franz went out on an easy grounder to Williams at third, and Ferguson retired a la Robinson. No runs.

#### Document 2

Old Busted Mitt Bill determined that he must win his game by himself made three deliveries only this spasm to retire the side. Bond hit the pellet to Franz and was out, on the second delivery, and Pringle went out on a grounder to Ritchie. No more runs.

#### Third Time

Darling had a bat at this time. He approached the plate with a reputation as a batsman, but left it in three seconds minus the rep. Old Bill tossed three straight to Deane, and every one of them counted. Williams took first on a scratch hit, and piffed second, while Mullins tore off a hot one between first and second for one sack. Fergie threw home to catch Williams, who was beating it for the pan and Mullin went to second. When Mullin got by for the second score, Pomeroy fouled out to Cook near the players bench, and Jones whiffed. One run. Total to date two.

#### Chapter Four

Core looked Barney's delivery over carefully and then pulled one over the left field fence and walked around, but Bond next up couldn't find Bill, neither could Goodman, and Pringle grounded to Ritchie and was heaved out at first. One more tally feller. It was in the center of this chapter that as nice a bit of concerted playing as has ever been seen in "these here parts" was pulled off under the leadership of the Silent Boss. Robinson up lined a hot one through Williams for a single, Franz bunted and was safe, Robbie taking second. Fergie bunted also and the sticks were piffanted. Captain Ritchie next up squeezed in Robbie, and Clow came up to clean up. He didn't, Pomeroy pulling down the fly in midfield. Barclay who was running for Franz and had reached third in due course of time, was caught at home while Cap was stealing second on the fast Clow by ten feet, owing to getting the ball to Pringle in time to take the local "Casey Jones" who batted in his own turn next and couldn't do anything but keep the files off the plate. The duck egg was smashed by the kid at the bell who announced in ringing tones one score for Phoenix. Much applause.

(Continued on Page Five)

### STANDING OF THE CLUBS

National League			
Club—	W.	L.	Pct.
New York .....	67	29	.698
Philadelphia .....	57	39	.592
Chicago .....	51	47	.520
Pittsburgh .....	49	49	.500
Brooklyn .....	42	56	.430
Boston .....	41	54	.432
Cincinnati .....	39	62	.386
St. Louis .....	38	61	.384

American League			
Club—	W.	L.	Pct.
Philadelphia .....	68	29	.699
Cleveland .....	63	34	.649
Washington .....	56	42	.571
Chicago .....	52	51	.506
Boston .....	46	54	.457
Detroit .....	42	60	.412
St. Louis .....	41	61	.400
New York .....	31	63	.330

Coast League			
Club—	W.	L.	Pct.
Portland .....	62	51	.549
Los Angeles .....	62	58	.517
Sacramento .....	58	56	.508
Oakland .....	59	64	.480
San Francisco .....	57	66	.462

### WHERE THEY PLAY TODAY

National League	
Boston at Cincinnati	
Brooklyn at Chicago	
Philadelphia at St. Louis	
New York at Pittsburgh	
American League	
Chicago at Philadelphia	
Detroit at New York	
St. Louis at Boston	
Coast League	
No games scheduled.	

Western League	
St. Joseph at Topeka	
Wichita at Des Moines	
Denver at Sioux City	
Lincoln at Omaha	

NATIONAL LEAGUE.	
At St. Louis—	R. H. E.
St. Louis .....	2 8 1
Philadelphia .....	5 12 2
Batteries—Sallee, Geyer and Wingo; Brennan and Killifer	

At Chicago—	R. H. E.
Chicago .....	12 15 0
Brooklyn .....	5 15 1
Batteries—Lavender and Needham; Ragan, Wagner and Miller.	
At Cincinnati—	R. H. E.
Cincinnati .....	8 11 1
Boston .....	5 9 3
Batteries—Packard and Kling; Dickson and Raridan.	

AMERICAN LEAGUE.	
No games scheduled.	

COAST LEAGUE.	
No games scheduled.	

**Leaders Divide Session.**  
LOS ANGELES—The division of a double header with Los Angeles, gave

Portland the series by the odd game. The morning contest was a pitchers' battle between Tozer and Higginbotham and although the Angel heaver was hit more frequently than his opponent, his team mates cinched the game by bunching four out of five hits in the first inning and scoring the game out, 3 to 2.

The afternoon game resolved itself into a swatfest with a total of 32 hits. While Portland was hammering three pitchers, James twirled steadily until the seventh when the Angels found him for six safeties and four runs. The home club filled the bases twice in that inning. Portland piled up thirteen runs, due to a large measure to the batting of Rodgers, who cleaned the bases in the fifth with a triple and batted in two runs in the sixth with a similar hit. Los Angeles made a total of five runs.

	R.	H.	E.
Los Angeles .....	3	5	0
Portland .....	2	8	1

**Batteries**—Tozer and Byrnes, Arbogast, Higginbotham and Berry.

	R.	H.	E.
Los Angeles .....	5	15	2
Portland .....	13	17	0

**Batteries**—Crabb, Jackson, Perritt and Arbogast; James, Krause and Fisher.

**Tigers are Tamed.**  
SACRAMENTO, Aug. 3.—Coming from behind in the week's series, the Sacramento Wolves twice tamed the Venice Tigers 4 to 3 and 3 to 2, finishing with four victories out of seven games. In the morning game Hallinan started an eight inning rally with the Wolves one run to the bad; Shinn in the role of pinch hitter, finished it with a clean single to right scoring two runs that won the game. Klepper was taken out just before Shinn went to bat and the single was made off Harkness. But Klepper had left with the winning run on the paths and gets charged with the defeat. In the afternoon game Klavitter let the Tigers down with five hits while Koestner was hit freely in the pinches for his second defeat this week.

	R.	H.	E.
Sacramento .....	4	11	3
Venice .....	3	9	1

**Batteries**—Lively and Bliss, Cheek; Klepper, Harkness and Elliott.

	R.	H.	E.
Sacramento .....	3	9	0
Venice .....	2	5	1

**Batteries**—Klavitter and Bliss; Koestner and Elliott.

**Introducing Mr. Leifield.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 3.—San Francisco won the morning game which went eleven innings, 1 to 0; and Oakland won the afternoon game 4 to 2.

"Lefty" Leifield, the twirler San Francisco bought of the Chicago Cubs, made his first appearance at the morning game and was pitted against the veteran Killaly. Both pitched remarkable ball throughout a stressful eleven innings. Each allowed six hits and one of the six hits that Killaly allowed was a two bagger that Leifield batted out.

Baker pitched for the Seals in the afternoon against Malarkey. Oakland won the seventh by Keen batting that yielded three hits and three runs.

	R.	H.	E.
San Francisco .....	1	6	1
Oakland .....	0	6	0

**Batteries**—Leifield and Clark; Kill-

## SECOND PRIZE AWARD MADE

Core, Clow and Robinson Come in for Sensational Premiums In Republican's Advertiser's Baseball Competition.

Well, it will take two bats at Pinney and Robinson's, and five dollars credit on a Dwight B. Heard to settle the home run prizes in yesterday's superlative baseball exhibition. And when these chief premiums are awarded, there remains a long list of lesser rewards to be distributed.

H. Run Clow will undoubtedly select the very best chunk of firewood that Pinney and Robinson possess. The like of that new stick will go to Shortstop Core of the Mesa team. Because he accomplished his trans-palms slam first, Core will also get a credit of five dollars on any lot now in the possession of Dwight B. Heard and later to be sold.

Captain Silent Boss Ritchie acquired for himself the most slips of Arizona Republican note paper of any ball tosser, taking four prizes. He gets the box of the Morales Mercantile company for his two bagger, the dollar in merchandise at Harry's for making the most hits, the drink a day for a week at the Central Pharmacy for having stolen one more base than any other sack pirate and the silk tie at Goldbergs for the same reason.

Busted Mitt Bill, having won his game as pitcher for the Phoenixian host gets his pitter taken at Bob Turnbull's and Harry Robertson of the Phoenix engraving company will make from it a half tone portrait. Then the Arizona Republican will print the smiling mug in an early issue of the paper.

Harry Robinson, the Cactus Candy Kid gets the leather belt from the New York Store for making the most runs in the game. Williams of Mesa who made the same number but made them first gets the tobacco award of the Mary Ann Grocery. Harry also gets the merchandise of Elwell company for making the most sensational play of the game.

"Pop" Cook, the new Phoenix backstop was awarded the Borrelli Spalding official league ball for making the least errors and Traction Engine Pringle for throwing the first man out at second the dollar at the Phoenix S. B. and T. Co. Cook gets the fly swatter of the Valley Lumber company for the mere feat of fanning three times—more than anyone else did.

Kid Core, in addition to winning the two home run prizes gets the ride in George Hageman's Franklin for being highest on his feet. The safety razor offered by the Owl Drug company goes to Pomeroy for his sacrifice hit. Rolly also gets the shines at Jesse's for making first on the first infield hit.

Barclay drew the only pass and is therefore going to get a week pass to the Empress or Coliseum. Pringle scored the most put outs and gets the pitcher from Massie's. But he erred some so does not get the catcher.

Poor old Franz with his busted rib made an error on the first chance he had, and thereby acquired title to the Williams shaving stick offered by the Easy Drug Store of Boehmer.

That leaves only Busted Mitt Bill again. If Bill wore the swiftest flannel uniform ever compounded by an expensive attaché of the big leagues, he would fade his old reliable red shirt right through, and in no time that set of clothes would look—would look, well it would look like it needed a trip to McKean's dye works. So there will go Bill for a cleaning of his two pairs of trousers.

Ed Doyle's cigars and the Adams Pharmacy prize remain unawarded because no one stole home and no one made a three base hit.

Johnnie Hyder's hat will go to Core, for making the first homer.

	R.	H.	E.
San Francisco .....	2	5	1
Oakland .....	4	8	2

**Batteries**—Baker and Schmidt; Malarkey and Mitze.

WESTERN LEAGUE	
Des Moines, 10; Wichita, 4.	
Topeka, 3; St. Joseph, 2.	

Second game, Topeka, 3; St. Joseph, 5.

Omaha, 1; Lincoln, 1. Second game, Omaha, 15; Lincoln, 10.

Sioux City, 7; Denver, 4. Second game, Sioux City, 4; Denver, 15.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION	
Toledo 0, Columbus 12. (Twelve innings)	
Louisville 7, Indianapolis 6.	

Minneapolis 7, Milwaukee 0.

St. Paul 5, Kansas City 1.

St. Paul 6, Kansas City 5.

**TRY IT**  
Critie—The heroine of your story, old man, is simply wonderful.

Aunt (delightedly)—You think so? Critie—Yes, You say an page ten that she hissed "You are a liar!" and any woman who can hiss such a sentence as that can't help being wonderful.—Boston Transcript.

## GRIZZLIES RUN WILD ON SACKS

And Defeat Natives in Closely Contested Exhibition; Triple Steal Worked on Maroons With Prime Success.

(Special to The Republican.)

TEMPE, Aug. 3.—A brace of vain battling rallies failed to win a sensational 8 to 7 game for the visiting Maroons at Baum's field this afternoon. With the score dead against them, the Vennie cohorts revived in the eighth, gleaned three hits off the placid Ovielo and turned two of them into scores. This brought the tally up to Tempe 8, Maroons 5. In the next space, the visitors repeated the performance exactly, boosting their end to within one point of Tempe's. Another inning, at that rate—but, it could not be.

Ovielo was supplied with the goods, but the Maroons found him for a dozen hits. Still the Tempe twirler kept the hits smeared all across the nine spaces, and in no particular inning, did the Phoenixians accumulate enough bingles to make up for the lead Tempe piled up in the fifth.

That fifth space was famous for Tempe's base running. Among other clever stunts the Grizzlies pulled off the first triple steal ever successfully accomplished in the valley league. Ovielo on third, Big Griffin on second and Johnny Mullen just starting his path career. When Resvoloso heaved to first, letting Mullen's antics draw the throw, the entire baserunning machine revolved like clockwork, Ovielo scoring and the others making safe their desired stations. Austin's throw to third failed to catch the lumberingly swift first slobber of the locals and the sensational play was over and done. Tempe piled up six more tallies in this space on nothing but four hits and an error or two. Couple this with a few classy stunts on the paths, and the heavy tallying is explained. Tempe batted twelve men in this inning.

Young Harris, the centerfielding kid of the Tempe nine was hoisted to first place in the Bear's batting order for the game against Smiley and his pals. The lad failed to hit, but was twice on base and scored one run.

The Maroons used several extra men, accomplishing part of their scores by the use of pinch hitters.

Tempe	
Player—	A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Harris, cf .....	4 1 0 1 1 1
Moer, 3b .....	5 1 1 2 0 1
Spikes, ss .....	4 1 1 1 3 0
Nutt, c .....	5 1 2 6 2 1
Tweed, 2b .....	3 1 0 5 2 0
Ovielo, p .....	4 1 2 0 4 0
Griffin, 1b .....	4 1 0 7 0 0
Mullen, lf .....	2 0 0 4 1 0
Dickenson, rf .....	3 1 1 0 0 0
Totals .....	35 8 7 27 13 2

Maroons.	
Player—	A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Lopez, 3b .....	4 0 1 1 0 1
Whitman, cf .....	4 1 2 2 0 1
Butler, ss .....	5 1 3 5 4 1
Resvoloso, c .....	4 1 2 7 2 1
Austin, 1b .....	3 1 0 7 0 2
Kill, rf .....	2 0 0 0 0 2
Scott, 2b .....	4 1 1 1 6 0
Teddy, lf .....	3 1 1 1 0 0
Smiley, p .....	4 1 2 0 0 0
Moreno, rf .....	2 0 0 0 0 0
Reynolds .....	1 0 0 0 0 0
Totals .....	33 7 12 24 12 7

\* Reynolds batted for Lopez in the ninth.

Tempe.	
Hits .....	10 141 00x—7
Runs .....	100 070 10x—8

Maroons.	
Runs .....	600 300 022—7
Hits .....	310 503 033—12

**Summary**  
Stolen bases—Resvoloso, Austin, Moer, 2, Ovielo, Griffin, 2, Mullen.

Two base hits—Teddy, Whitman, Ovielo, Nutt, Moer.

Three base hits—Whitman.

Home run—Scott.

Double plays—Harris to Griffin, Tweed to Griffin.

Bases on balls—Off Smiley 1, off Ovielo 3.

Hit by pitched ball—Suikes, Tweed, Mullen, Dickenson.

Struck out—By Ovielo 5, by Smiley 7.

Passed balls—Resvoloso 1, Nutt 1.

Attendance 150.

Time of game 1:45.

Umpire—Sullivan.

Scorer—Blakely.